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A stylized illustration of a lily plant in shades of green and orange against a dark background. The plant has a long stem with several leaves and a single flower in bloom at the top right. The flower has six petals, each with a pattern of dark spots. The stem curves upwards and to the right, ending in the flower. There are also some buds or seed pods along the stem.

Jersey Jingles

KE 1410



JERSEY JINGLES

JERSEY JINGLES

BY
LEONARD H. ROBBINS

Pictures by Louis Wisa

NEWARK
NEW JERSEY
1907

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SHELDON FUND
JULY 10, 1940**

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To
Lena Anthony Robbins

PREFACE

The jingles in this book appeared first in the "Newark Evening News," and aroused astonishment in the minds of many readers that Mr. Wallace M. Scudder should turn lyricist after successfully concealing a bent in that direction for so many years. To rescue that genial publisher from unjust suspicion the verses are assembled here under the name of the person really to blame.

To Mr. John Cotton Dana, head of the Newark Free Public Library, the author would apologize for seeming to take advantage of Mr. Dana's historic appeal for New Jersey literature. The jingles were written as part of the day's work in a busy newspaper office, and were not meant to be literary.

For critics who have no time to give the book the extended attention it merits, some reviews and notices have been prepared, ranging from the honeyed to the galling, together with numerous anecdotes, authentic and otherwise, of the author's early life, bright sayings, and so forth, any or all of which will be supplied cheerfully on application.

L. H. R.

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THE CHILDREN



ONE NIGHT

Us kids sat on the steps one night
Long after supper. Father said we might
If we'd be good and quiet and not make
A noise, 'cause mother was awake
Indoors, and wasn't very well. And so
We sat out there and watched the moon
The longest time. And pretty soon
He took us in, and there the foldin'-bed
Was all made down—"For company," father said,
"But you can have it for to-night"—and we
Was just as tickled as two kids can be.
Then father gave us each a good-night kiss from her,
And went away, and told us not to stir.

We didn't talk—just lay there whisperin' low,
And Jimmie went to sleep, and so
Did I; or I was just a-goin' to
When, all at once, first thing you know,

A horse came clappin' down the street
And stopped right out in front, and stomped his feet,
And there was people talkin' at the door
And walkin' round, and then I didn't know no more—

No more till some one raised the shade
And let the sunlight in; and we was 'fraid



'Cause 'twasn't any one we knowed. Her dress
Was blue, and when she'd soothered us I guess
We wasn't much scared, after all; and we,
We said, "Are you the company?"

She only laughed and led us both away
To mother's room, all dark, where mother lay

With somepin on her arm. And mother smiled
So sweet, and let us look—and what d'you think it was!

Well, Jimmie cried, of course,
But I ran quick, a-lookin' for that horse!

LITTLE BEGGAR

Hungry little beggar, knockin' at the door,
Hungry little sinner,
Cryin' for his dinner,
Enter, little feller, you needn't beg no more.

Bashful little beggar, blushin' rosy red,
Timid-like and shrinkin',
Little eyes a-blinkin',
Here, little feller, is a place to hide your head.

Lonely little beggar, all the world so new,
World so full of danger,
Every one a stranger,
Welcome, little feller, here's a home for you.

MISS PATTYCAKE

Little Miss Pattycake, dear is she
To the tall and terrible baker man.
He bakes her beautiful cakes for tea,
And all the return requireth he
Is the secret sign of the baker clan,
“Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker man.”
Little Miss Pattycake pats her hands,
Waves her arms in a curious way;

The baker man sees, and he understands
And runs to answer her sweet commands.
Sister and brother in lodge are they,
Pattycake dear and the baker man.

Little Miss Pattycake tossed one night,
Weary and wasted and fever-worn,
And her baby hands so thin and white
Patted and played in the softened light,
Over the coverlet played till morn—
Pattycake dreamed of the baker man.
The East grew bright as the watchers wept;
The mother knelt by the bed and prayed,
Till into her heart new hoping crept—
The arms were still, and the baby slept.
No longer in dreams the dear hands played
At “Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker man.”

Now is the lodgeroom gay once more
(Nursery call it, or what you will),
Twice as gay as it was before,
And little Miss Pattycake has the floor.
Salaam! to Pattycake, waving still,
“Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker man.”
Yes, Miss Pattycake pats her hands,
Waves and laughs in the way of old,
And the baker's heart with joy expands
To toil once more, as her sign commands,
For a smile that is dearer to him than gold—
Pattycake's smile to the baker man.

THE NAUGHTY-CAL CHILD

A bathroom's the pleasantest kind of a playroom
That money or love can buy.
The nursery's only a sort of a lay room,
So ho! for the bath, say I!
I sail my sheep on the bathtub deep,
Sunk is my wee wool cosset,
And drowned is the doll with the flaxen poll
In a tidal wave from the faucet.



My Noah's ark is the color of mud,
Most of its glue is gone,
Yet high it floats on the raging flood
And ferries the animals on.
The crimson cow and the blue bow-wow,
Their hearts' blood dyes the main,
But safe and fast they will anchor at last
In the Port of Porcelain.

Treacherous things are bathroom tides,
For lost is my rubbery doll;
My raggedy rabbit is missing, besides;
I cannot find them at all.
My father has sworn since early morn,
His wrath is a sight to see;
He has sent for the plumber to hasten and come
And find them again for me.

The bathroom's the pleasantest kind of a place
For a nautical child like me,
And there again shall the animals race
And the hair-brush go to sea.
I'll sail my sheep on the soapy deep,
And none shall me deny.
'Tis the rush of the waves my spirit craves,—
Ho! for the bath, say I!

AT THE HOSPITAL

We can't afford a doctor, sir, this year,
And that's the reason why I bring her here.
You needn't frown; I know how wrong it is
To take a baby out a day like this.
But, sir! could you stand idle by
And see her suffer? Nor could I.

A week ago, all sunny-like, she played
Around me as I worked—my little maid.

She just can walk; the baby shoes she wore
Made music, tappin' on the kitchen floor;
And everywhere I went, why, she went, too,
To help me with the things I had to do.

But now the sunshine's gone. She doesn't smile,
She doesn't even try; for all the while
Her head is burnin' hot; and you can see,
The way her eyes look beggin' up to me,
How sick she is. And so I've come to you,
And maybe you can tell me what to do.

Leave her, you say? Leave her and go away?
You know the best. But may I come each day,
An hour or so, to sit beside her bed
And watch her in the weeks ahead?
I cannot help? Then you will let me know
In time—if—? Thank you, sir. I love her so!

AN IMPROVISED LULLABY

Some one's eyes are bluest blue,
Some one's eyes are sleepy, too,
Sleepy, too, and oh! so blue;
Sleep, dearie, do.
Some one's eyelids fall and fall,
Open wide, then softly fall,
Some one's sleepy, after all;
I wonder who?

Here's the sandman with his sand.
Some one has the roundest hand;
Let mother take it and
 Hold it warm and tight.
Father, dear, I wish you'd go
Turn the bedroom gaslight low.
My! how the wind does blow
 Outdoors to-night!

Some one riding went to-day
In her go-cart, down the way,
Saw the older children play
 All round the block.
Some one saw a doggy run,
Saw him romping in the sun,
Some one thought it lots of fun—
 Stop, stop the clock.

Some one's eyes are bluest blue,
Some one's eyes are sleepy, too,
Some one played the whole day through,
 Played, played, played.
Some one's drifting off to rest,
Some one mother loves the best;
Some one's ready for her nest,
 Little weary maid.

RED RIDING-HOOD

Little Red Riding-Hood joys to-day
In a crimson bonnet and crimson shoon
And a crimson cloak as ruddily gay
As the reddest rose of the month of June.
Grandmother's hands, with love to guide,
Have made these marvels exceeding fair,
And Little Red Riding-Hood thrills with pride
As she views herself in the mirror there.

Little Red Riding-Hood goes to stroll
In her crimson coat and her crimson shoes,
Quaint little figure, strange and droll
As she wanders away in those radiant hues.
White was her cloak but yesterday,
And pearly white was the hood she wore,
But now she wanders away, away—
Little Red Riding-Hood, baby no more.

A SUNDAY SLUMBER SONG

Hushabye, my deary, sandman coming soon,
Father's gone to slumber, for its Sunday afternoon.
Here's a stick of candy, and there's your woolly sheep,
Softly play at mother's side while father goes to sleep.

All the week has father toiled to buy the baby shoes;
Sunday, then, we let him do whatever he may choose.

So gently build your block house and softly sail your ships,
Father's gone to dreamland with a smile upon his lips.

Father's gone to bye-low, and little girls and boys
Should not raise their voices or disturb him with a noise,
For by and by, when father wakes, maybe he will be
In a better humor toward his loving family.

CHUBBY-HAND

Once was the parlor white,
 Of purest enamel ray,
Once was the bookroom polished bright,
Polished and rubbed till it dazzled the sight—
 But that was another day.
Table, piano, cabinet, chair,
Many a curious mark they bear
 Since Chubby-hand came to stay.

Whose is the work on the pane—
 Palm prints all in a row?
Who, when grown folk pass in the lane,
Patteth the glass with might and main,
 Cheering them on as they go?
Out in the rain they trudge along—
Who is it turns their sighs to song?
 Chubby-hand, do you know?

Who on the bookcase door
A private sign has set?
Chubby-hand, weary of babehood lore,
Has longed and grasped for a guarded store
She may not delve in yet.
Better for her are books that endure,
Irish linen literature
And the animal alphabet.

Who, when the curtains are drawn
And low is the bedroom light,
Steals away to the sundown lawn
To bide with beautiful birds till dawn
And flowers blooming bright?
Who, in a quiet hour like this,
Offers a palm for a last soft kiss?
Chubby-hand, good night.

THE WICKED ELEPHANT

NARRATIVE BY RICHARD MONTAGUE

As I was a-walkin' one day yin the walk
That runs by the side uv our house,
I saw a big ellerphint, tawful big ellerphint,
Eatin' a poor little mouse.

I hollered, "Go 'way!" an' the ellerphint cried,
An' I shootted him quick wif my gun,

An' the ellerphint run, an' he run, an' he run,
An' he run, an' he run, an' he run—



Till he comed to the barn, an' he got up on top,
An' his knees was all muddy an' tore;
An' he said, "Little boy, if you'll please let me go,
I will never do so any more."—Now you tell
me a story.

THE PEACEMAKER

Was eatin' breakfast yesterday, with a face most awful long,
The way I always do, I guess, when everything goes wrong.
The wife was sittin' over there, all lonely and forsook,
But I wouldn't speak a civil word or give a pleasant look,
Till at my knee a little hand came pattin', softy-like,
And the babe was standin' by my chair, the purty little tyke,

A-smilin' this here message as plain as plain can be:—

“You may seem a bear to mother, but you can't scare me.”

With all that goodness beamin' from those baby eyes of brown,

'Twasn't no use a-holdin' back or tryin' for to frown.

That smile of his, 'twould melt a heart of harder flint than mine;

Just like the sun it cleared away the shadders with its shine;

And feelin' kinder foolish-like, not knowin' what to do,

I let go all the grouch I had, and I was smilin', too.

And then he flashed this message so I couldn't help but see:—

“You'd better smile to mother, 'cause you've smiled to me.”

THE WEARY GULL

The sea-gull flies on weary wing;

He has no tree or anything

To rest on when he needs to sing.

FELLOW SUFFERERS

The beach and I are clean and white;

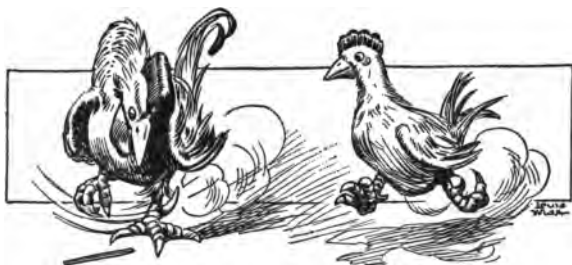
We both are washed at fall of night.

Last evening, in my room alone

I listened, and I heard it moan.

THE PAPA-HEN

The mamma-hen sets up in a nest,
An' pretty soon they's an egg,
But the papa-hen he swells his chest
And kicks the sand wif his leg.



The papa-hen finds a worm or a crumb
And hollers, "Quick! quick! quick!"
But he eats it hisself when the mamma-hens come,
Or else it's only a stick.

I bet you if I was the papa-hen,
So han'some an' big an' stout,
I'd lay eggs once in a while, an' then
Have somethin' to holler about!

WHY DID HE BLUSH?

I saw him push a baby-cart
Along the park one day.
The cart was empty; near at hand
The baby ran at play.
Quoth I, "Good friend, 'twill soon be time
To put the cart away."
I know not what it was I said
That turned his face so rosy red.

"Your little girl, who grows so fast,
No longer needs to ride.
'Twill soon be time," I said again,
"To lay the cart aside."
He tried to smile but looked away
His blushing face to hide.
I wonder what it was I said
That turned his cheek so rosy red.

A BOW OF WHITE

A white face watching the street,
A face that can smile no more;
A softened tread of schoolboy feet,
A bow of white at the door.

THE NEW LEARNING

They taught him how to hemstitch, and they taught him
 how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb—
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
 couldn't
 do a
 sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in
 clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the
 jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture-frame—
But, strangely, they forgot to teach him
 how to
 spell his
 name.

Now, Bertie's pa was crabbed, and he went, one day, to
 find
What 'twas they did to make his son so backward in the
 mind.
“I don't want Bertie wrecked,” he cried, in temper far
 from cool,
“I want him educated!” So he
 took him
 out of
 school.

GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE CHILD

Good night, little child,
 So weary, so weary
With dancing all day,
With patter and play;
In dreamland are flowers
And birds in the bowers,
 They wait for their dearie.
Good night, little child.

Good night, little friend,
 So weary, so weary
With laughing away
The cares of our day,
The gloom and the sorrow—
Rest now till to-morrow,
 Sweet dreams to my dearie.
Good night, little friend.

Good night, little child,
 Good rest to my dearie.
Soon, smiling and bright
As the morning light,
Thou shalt waken from dreaming
To laughing and beaming.
 So weary, so weary,
Good night, little child.

HIDE-AND-SEEK

'Twas a laughing child with dancing feet
Ran to the end of the world,
Far to the bend of a city street;
And there, in a corner curled,
Safe from eyes that would pry and peek,
Nestling close to the sheltering wall,
It lay, in the game of hide-and-seek,
Till it heard its playmates call:
"Come in, come in,
Wherever you are"—
And the laughing child went in.

From the gate of heaven a little child
Wandered away to the world,
Ran to a woman mother-mild,
Snug in her bosom curled.
Safe? Ah, no! The woman's cheek
Tears of bitterest sorrow paled.
With the angels the child played hide-and-seek,
An angel playmate hailed:
"Come in, come in,
Wherever you are"—
And the little child went in.

THE TOILERS

The Toilers



MORNING AND EVENING

With head erect and brave, determined eyes
He goes to work each morning, and he dares
The world to bow that neck or pierce that guise
Or bend him 'neath the burden that he bears.

When day is done, with heavy head he goes,
Within his eyes no spark of purpose then;
His all is given, and only this he knows,
That in the morning he will try again.

THE GENERATION'S DEBT

Far on a mountain crest ahead
A battle roared.
Low in the vale the many strove;
The few attained the heights above
Where Fame, her shining wings outspread,
Alluring soared.

An old man fell, by Fame ignored,
His striving done.
He saw a younger waiting nigh,
He heard the far-off battle-cry.
“Stay not,” he said. “Gird on my sword.
God speed you, son!”

Ah, youth to victory assigned,
Toss not your head;
Prize not too low that rich bequest!
For you that gain the mountain crest
Fight but the cause of one behind,
Unknown and dead.

WHEN DAD WAS FIRED

When dad was fired—
One Sat'day night it was,
An' both us kids was hollerin' becos
Next day we'd have him all the time to play
An' romp, an' go a-walkin' out, the way
We allus do on Sunday afternoon—
Well, dad got home that night an hour too soon
An' hung aroun' outside the longest while.
Then he came in, an' stood an' didn't smile,
Just stood there, lookin' sorrowful an' tired,
An' said, “I'm fired.”

Us kids that day
Was early put to bed,
An' when dad kissed us, why he turned his head
So as we wouldn't know his face was wet.
An' mother came an' told us not forget
To say our prayers, an' she kneeled down beside,
An' we was sorry, 'cos she almost cried.
Then she went back to dad, an' way at night
They still was talkin' by the table light.
An' Sunday came, an' when we tried to play,
Dad looked away.

When dad was fired—
It seems a long time now;
I can't remember when, but anyhow,
One day he came a-flyin' up the stairs,
Three at a time, like Billy when he dares.
An' mother dropped her iron, an' kid an' me,
We wondered why she ran so quick to see.
Then dad bust in an' hugged us 'most in half,
An' mother cried, although she tried to laugh.
An' we cried, too—an' that's how dad got fired
An' then got hired.

THE BAUBLE SELLER

“Whirligigs, whistles, whips!”
A call in a morning street,
And children dance to meet,

Follow and look and long.
“Whirligigs, whistles, whips” —
Strong as a siren song.

“Whirligigs, whistles, whips!”
Fainter and far away;
And the children still obey,
Follow and look and long.

“Whirligigs, whistles, whips” —
Gone is the seller’s song.

“Whirligigs, whistles, whips” —
Pleasure and fame and power;
And men to the sunset hour
Follow and look and long.

“Whirligigs, whistles, whips” —
Always the same old song.

OUT OF WORK

Out of a job—the sunshine overhead,
Gay world around, and me in search of bread!
It ain’t the same old world I used to know;
To-day it seems that every man’s my foe,
For now I’m out of work, I’ve lost my stride;
The world is close, and yet I stand outside,
Outside the crowd, in trouble and disgrace,
Afraid to look a mortal in the face—
And she, with not a doubt in word or sign,
Dependin’ on a coward heart like mine!

Poor little woman, waitin' for me there,
Somehow, if 'twa'nt for you I wouldn't care.

Out of a job—and no one wants to take
A man that's been discharged, and let him make
Another start. Hard word and harder look
Is all he gets, as if he was a crook,
As if he'd done some great and awful wrong.
And so he walks the street the whole day long
Lookin' for work, yes, beggin' for it, too,
And everywhere it's "Nothin' here for you."
While she, up home, is chokin' back the tears,
Facin' the neighbors' sympathy and sneers,
Smilin', pretendin' like she doesn't care,
Poor girl! it's worse for her than me to bear.

Out of a job—the sun has long been down
And I'm still rovin' hungry thro' the town,
Hopeless, and yet I won't give up the search.
I hear some people singin' in a church;
We used to go there, Sundays, she and I,
But now—I couldn't pray if I should try.
Churches for them that has the means of grace,
The street for me that has no workin'-place.
Poor girl, up home, I wonder what she'd say
To hear me talk like that, when just to-day
She knelt and asked the Lord to guide me fair!
Brave little woman! Braver'n me, I swear.

STEAM TUGS

*Little Old Men of the Sea,
Riding the neck of the deep,
Binding the tide to our will,
Bending the wind to our keep,
Braving the wave in its sweep,
Breasting the storm rolled bill,
Herding our hunted sheep—
Little Old Men of the Sea.*

Unmarked by those that lunge along
To lanes that lead afar,
The pathless paths we follow strong
And steer by any star.
In bight or bay, thro' kill or cove,
On sound or open sea,
Where traffic waits and toil we rove,
Ourselves our masters, free!

In howling night off Montauk light
When barges break their bonds,
'Tis ours to find, 'tis ours to fight
Till every stray responds.
Past Judith point and Gay Head shoal,
Past Chatham's reaching hand,
We crawl to haul the precious coal
That warms a Northern land.

A week o'er safe and half-world vaults
The liner spends her speed,
Then helpless in the harbor halts
And calls to us to lead.
We push, we pull, we turn and tug,
With scream of pygmy mirth,
Till, linked and lashed and sound and snug,
She sleeps within her berth.

The freighter, big with golden stores,
Heads heavy toward the land,
She stumbles at the harbor doors
And wallows in the sand.
By day and night along her sides
In breaking seas we bob,
And trick at last the lifting tides
That wander there to rob.

*Busy and bold are we,
Herding our hunted sheep,
Binding the tide to our will,
Bending the wind to our keep,
Braving the wave in its sweep,
Breasting the storm rolled bill,
Riding the neck of the deep—
Little Old Men of the Sea!*

MARY'S CHANCE

She isn't long on pretty looks, I s'pose;
Her face is red and freckled, and her nose
Is awful snub—but that's the general rule
With kids that lead their classes in the school.
Smart? Well, I guess! There ain't a boy in town,
Or girl, either, can spell our Mary down;
And more she knows about the Rule of Three
Than any grown man in the factory.

She studies evenin's doin' sums and such,
Wishin' her brothers wouldn't talk so much;
And I set readin' items, slow as glue,
Till Mary says, "Now, dad, I'll read to you;
Your eyes are poor"—that's just her joke, you see—
And then I have the paper read to me
In proper style, you bet, and every word
As clear as any bell you ever heard.

Her fav'rite teacher came to call last night
And told us what a hopeful child and bright
Our Mary is, and how her studious ways
Are sure some day to win her worlds of praise;
And how we ought to swell with pride, and try
To send her on to High School. And said I,
"Miss Brown, there ain't a lock made anywhere,
Can keep our little daughter out of there."

It's mighty hard to know that all you know
Can't help you in the battle here below—
To feel that you can travel just so far,
And not a single step beyond the bar.
I've found it out—I'm one that can't advance,
Because I never had a lift or chance.
But now it's Mary's turn, and bless her heart,
Our daughter's goin' to have a better start.

SENTIMENT AND SHOP

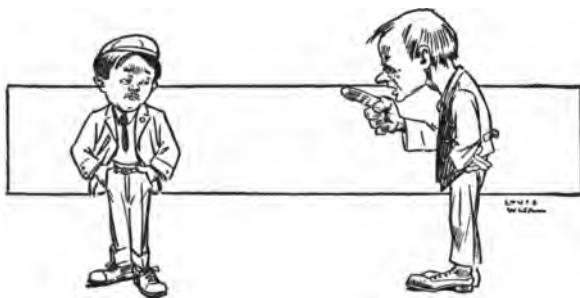
There stands his desk, unopened, as it's stood the fortnight through,
Half hidden under papers, with his well-loved books askew,
While dust has taken hold on all—and here, alone, are you.

You've seen him there bent low at work thro' many a weary week,
Your brother in the bond of toil, with slowly paling cheek,
Silent and patient; and perhaps you seldom thought to speak.

You know the leaden lesson of the world's great, moiling mart,
That sentiment and sordid shop are better kept apart;
But can you view that vacant desk without a twinge at heart?

GRAMMAR AND GOODNESS

A half of life I seen, my son,
And half my earthly toil I done,
Before you ever looked upon
The light of day,
Or done a turn for any one
To pay your way.



When you were still a babe in cart
I toiled and toiled, thro' pain and smart,
For you. And why? 'Cause in my heart
(It's in there yet),
I wanted you to have the start
I didn't get.

Who taught you how to say your prayers?
Do you suppose the good Lord cares
If, nights, I cry in speech that errs,
"Thy will be did" ?

Is grammar first in heaven's affairs,
And goodness hid?

All sorts of men I've met along,
And most lacked schooling in the throng.
Yet some I've knowed, whose hearts were strong,
Said, "I have saw,"
And many a one whose feet went wrong
Was great at jaw.

It does me good to see you've won
Such fine, grand eddication, son;
But more you'll know before you've run
Your journey thro' :
That some who say, "I seen," "I done,"
Are good as you.

WAGES

Young Willie was a lightsome lad
Who laughed about his work.
A good report he never had;
In fact, he liked to shirk.

Fernando was a sober boy
Who ne'er indulged in song,
For naught whatever gave him joy
But toiling all day long.

At ten a week poor Willie stayed
Through all his happy years,
And, feeling more than amply paid,
He laughed and saved his tears.

Fernando rose to wage sublime,
Drew hundreds per; was sore;
Felt undervalued all the time
And ever kicked for more.

The moral in our humble lay
You readily may find:
How fine to have Fernando's pay
And Willie's frame of mind!

HIS SIDE PARTNER

Days when the factory room is hot
I get so blue I'd soon be fired as not.
When everything goes wrong, an' no excuse,
I fall to wonderin' what's the earthly use
Of grindin', grindin' on from day to day,
Of hopin' I can ever get more pay,
A-goin' on this way.

Them wheels, a-whirrin' round an' round,
Get in my head. I hate the sight, the sound,
The smell of work. I think how many men,
Not half as good as me, get twice again

As much to live on, how they spend an' dress
An' sneer at me, so hungry for success—
An' then I think of Jess!

She knows how hard it is to work;
It ain't no snap, up there where she's a clerk.
An' when I think how patient through the days,
How hopeful, cheerful, brave an' sweet she stays,
I feel like thirty cents for growlin' so;
An' after that you folks'll never know
How smooth the work does go.

HEAD-WINDS

When skies are cloudy, don't you fret;
Steer steady on, right through the haze.
There never was a voyage yet
That didn't have some sunny days.

There's hope for every man that sails.
Remember, when the head-winds blow,
If rightly met, those very gales
Will take you where you want to go.

"THE BEATEN BREEDS"

"The Beaten Breeds"—a sorry sneer
At those poor races harboring here
From Old World hate and hounding fear.

Tried in the furnace fires of creeds,
Hammered, like gold, for kingship's needs—
Metal for good, the Beaten Breeds!

WANTED

I'm looking for a country home with roses in the path,
With six or eight steam-heated rooms, a screen porch and
a bath,

I want a garden fair to see, a gently babbling brook,
An arbor where to rest at ease and read the latest book.
Perhaps you know of such a place at reasonable rate—
Say, thirty dollars for the year—B. J., 248.

I'm searching for a boarding-house, where folks are never
proud,

Where no one tells of better days or tries to bluff the
crowd;

The boarders must be courteous, the serving staff refined,
My bed of softest eiderdown, the food of choicest kind,
The price two dollars weekly, maybe half a dollar more;
Address, inclosing reference, B. J., 244.

Although a man of leisure now, I'm willing to be placed
In some position suitable to one of nurtured taste,
A situation not confining, 10 till 2, perhaps,
With leave to go abroad each year, an hour at noons for
naps,

And salary commensurate with merit such as mine,
Send offers stamped and closely sealed—B. J., 249.

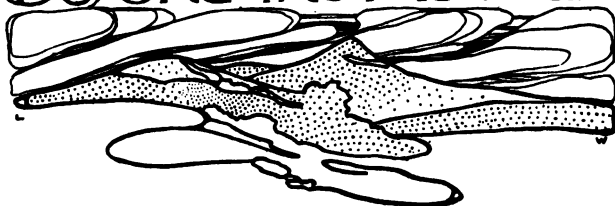
FRIENDS

There are no friends, we often say,
Like those dear friends we knew of yore.
Thus in our hearts we re-survey
The path we tread no more.

And so, before the journey ends,
We'll take a backward look and vow
There were no friends like these good friends
That walk beside us now.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN

Beyond the Mountain



LONELY

Haven't seen a rainbow
 Since I came to town;
Haven't seen a dew-drop
 In a daisy crown;
Haven't seen a sunset
 Or the break of day—
Never knew I liked those things
 Till I ran away.

Hills and woods in Sussex,
 Lake and shady brook,
When I used to live there
 I never cared to look.
Streets of stone, walls of brick,
 Nothing else to-day—
If I'd go back, I wonder
 What the folks would say.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

The country churches are slowly passing away.—Editorial.

Our old church isn't what it was in days of long ago,
Its doors stand wide and welcoming, the bell turns to and
fro,
But few there be that enter now, and they low bent and
slow.

Upon the grass-grown walk to-day no glad young footsteps
ring,
The voice of happy childhood is silent when we sing;
What little friend comes early, a vase of flowers to bring?
To manhood grown and womanhood, and tempted far
away
To wider fields and fairer folds, still are they here to-day,
For we, amid the vacant pews, remember when we pray.

HALF-SAINTS

Women-folks imperfect,
Same way with the men;
But you can't expect perfection
In threescore years and ten.

There's a heavenly home provided
For every worthy saint;
We'd all of us be saintly,
But most of us, we ain't.

We have to do the best we can
And let it go at that;
And if we fail a mansion
We can maybe rent a flat.

THE 'VANGELIST



He ain't much good at grammar,
His schoolin' 's none at all,
But when he starts to hammer,
My! how the sinners crawl!

He doesn't charm the ladies
Or set their eyes a-roll;
He preaches fire an' Hades
An' harrers up the soul.

He's never writ a story
Or printed of a book,
But he points a path to glory
That cannot be mistook.

He's right down on the level,
We feel him close an' near,
An' he saves me from the devil
Reg'lar, once a year.

THE DIVIDED CHURCH

What started the row? Well, I fergit;
But all of a sudden the church was split,
The deacons were callin' the pastor names,
The pastor was preachin' brimstone flames,
The kids of the Sunday-school stayed away,
The congregation fergot to pray,
The sexton loafed an' the organist quit—
What started the row? Well, I fergit.

'Twas somethin' or other the preacher said,
Or somethin' or other a deacon did,
Or somethin' or other the church choir sang:
Whatever it was, it started a clang
An' a clash an' a general bustin' up,
Till when we passed the sacred cup
There was hardly a man would quench his thirst,
'Cause somebody else had sipped there first.

There never was drearier days, I guess,
Nor ever a flock so comfortless;
But now the trouble is done an' past
An' the folks are worshippin' God at last.
You see, a hurricane swept the town,
The lightnin' struck, an' the church burned down;
An' that's what ended the turrible split—
Though jist what started it I fergit.

HOME TO JERSEY

(LINES COMPOSED ON A BAGGAGE TRUCK IN THE
HOBOKEN TRAINSHED)

How many hours ago it seems—
Ah, Jersey mine, I sigh!—
Since here, beneath these spreading beams,
I bade thy shores good-by.
All day I've wandered, Jersey dear,
Where buildings scrape the sky,
And all day long I've yearned to hear
The glad and welcoming cry:
 "Newark, Roseville and all the Oranges
 on track one! Dover accommodation on
 track four—Summit the first stop! All
 aboard!"

Were I in darkest heathen land
Across the stormy main,

On Nova Zembla's frozen strand
Or Afric's burning plain,
My heart would yield to no despair,
My hope would leap again,
I'd feel at home 'most anywhere
To hear that old refrain:

“Newark, Roseville and all the Oranges
on track one! Dover accommodation on
track four—Summit the first stop! All
aboard!”

THOSE SUMMER BOARDERS

(BY THE MAN WHOSE WIFE KEEPS THEM)

I have to hitch the gray mare up an' fetch their trunks an'
stuff

Home from the cars, me drivin' there a-harkin' to their guff
About the “lovely hills so blue” an’ “oh, the sparkling
air!”

An' all that city tommyrot that makes me want to swear.

They occypy the porches an' the chairs I like the best,
They use my shade to loaf in, an' the hammock where I
rest;

They ask me how the fishin' is an' where the pick'el bite,
Until I git so goldarn mad I just could up an' fight!

I've got to mop the kitchen floor an' fill the coal-oil lamps
An' fix the swing an' shoo the flies an' go to town for
stamps.

I have to wash their dishes, too, a-feelin' like a chump,
An' eat my vittles off a bench beside the cistern pump.



A pretty state of things, by jing! when men ain't got no
rights

Around their homes, an' has to sleep out in the hayloft
nights!

A man's house was his castle once, but 'tisin't so to-day.
Consarn them boarders, anyway! That's all I've got to say.

ADVERTISING SIGNS

The church bell sounds the dawn of coming day,
The homing milkman slaps his horse's lines,
The sun uprises in the good old way,
And shows a world of advertising signs.

Now opes the billboard landscape on the sight
And all the air is filled with solemn hush
Save when a painter, busy over night,
Upon a tombstone flaps his thickened brush;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl doth mournfully complain
That men have painted on her secret bower,
“Take Twisted Oil of Tar to Stop that Pain.”

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
This motto stands, by enterprise displayed:
“Drink Dopey-dopey if you Want to Sleep.”

Across the vista of this mounded pave
A legend lifts its wooden head to say:
“The paths of glory lead but to the grave
Unless you eat Bran Mash three times a day.”

“From storied urn or animated bust,”
Again we read, in letters giant-high,

“ There’s nothing better to remove the rust
Than Chester’s Cleano—use it wet or dry.”

Once more: “ Full many a gem of ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Don’t sigh and pine for such until you’ve seen
New Hampshire Diamonds, guaranteed to wear.”

Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife
In solitudes of grove and hedge and vine,
Even in death we’re in the midst of life,
We cannot lose the advertising sign,

Nor ev’n our bones are able to protect
From flimsy poster-boards, erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless pictures deck’d
To urge our very ghosts to come and buy.

THE HOPATCONG PICKEREL

The pickerel is a hungry fish,
His appetite’s voracious.
He’ll take most anything you wish
Within his maw tenacious.
Of this I have no doubt at all,
For I have fed him worms that crawl,
Minnows of silver, minnows red,
Herring alive and herring dead,

Pork tenderloin and bacon blubber,
Frogs from the marsh and frogs of rubber,
Roast beef and raw beef, lamb and smelts,
Grasshoppers, leather cut from belts,
Flannel from shirts, young chicks galore—
And still he comes around for more.

The pickerel is an ingrate fish,
Of manners he has none.
I like his company, but I wish
He wouldn't eat and run.

ROMANCE IN COLD STORAGE

She wrote her name upon an egg;
A simple country girl was she.
“Go, little egg, go forth,” she said,
“And bring a sweetheart back to me.”
Into the wide, wide world it went,
Upon its shell the message plain.
The maiden waited, waited on,
With throbbing heart—but hope was vain.
The days, the weeks, the months, flew past,
A year, another year rolled by.
Alas! no lover ventured near
To dry the teardrops in her eye.
Sad at her casement in the night
She wondered where the egg could be,

"O voiceless moon, dost thou behold,
Somewhere, my true affinity?"

Somewhere, indeed, there was a man
Whom fate had made for her to own;
Somewhere, and waiting for the egg,
He led his loveless life alone.

The years sped on, till gray and bent,
She looked adown the road one day,
And, trembling, saw an aged man
Approaching slowly on the way.

His locks were white, his shoulders bowed,
Feebly he leaned upon a cane.
She looked—and in her faded cheeks
The blush of roses glowed again.

'Twas he, her lover, come at last!
"Are you Miss Mary Jones, I pray?
I found your name upon an egg
I bought in market yesterday."

Cheated in youthful life and love,
Kept parted till the journey's end,
The evening of their wasted day
Together sadly now they spend.

O Egg Trust cold, how many crimes
Are done in thy disgraceful name?
Gaze, gaze upon thy cruel work
And hide thy hydra head in shame!

JOYVILLE'S COUNTY FAIR

Thro' the days of parchin' sunshine, thro' the days of
drenchin' rain,
We have wrestled with the meadow-grass, the garden-
truck and grain,



And at last we're on the journey for to claim our rightful
share
Of the glory for the farmer at the Joyville County Fair.

You that come from out the city for to see the horses race,
Needn't think you know the pleasures of our county
meetin' place,
For it's no one but us farmers has the kind of eyes to see
What's the real inside good time of the Joyville jubilee.

Mother brings some canned tomatoes, and they stand
upon a shelf,
With her name in printed letters; and the County Judge
hissself
Tries a spoonful, tries another, smiles and says he'd like
to state
Them's the tastin'est tomattusses a feller ever ate.

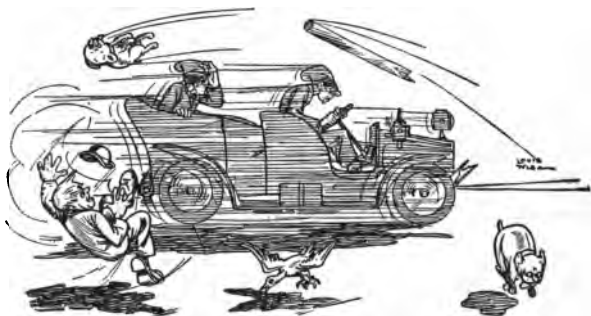
In the Art Hall, where the ladies flock to learn the latest
stitch,
Sister's fancy-work exhibit, broidered tablecloths and sich,
Draws a monstrous crowd of people, and they praise it
loud and free,
Till it's all in all the grandest day in sister's history.

Down among the pens and stables and the heaps of fodder
corn,
Daddy's got a speckled heifer with a ribbon on her horn.
Bud has took the silver medal in the watermelon line,
And the loudest rooster crowin' in the poultry house is
mine.

You may shout about St. Louis and your Pan-Americans,
With their lakes and lordly buildin's and their camel
caravans;
But I'll bet my crowing rooster 'gin your shoelace, if you
dare,
There's not a show on earth can touch our Joyville
County Fair.

TWO MILES A MINUTE

Twomilesa minute,
Geehowwefly!
Swiftasameteor
Streakingthesky.



Whatisthatblur?
Onlythetrees.
Lookatthemwave,
Mywhatabreeze!

Ahonkandarush,
Aflashandasmell;—
Whatdidwehit?
Didsomebodyyell?

Ajarandascream—
Itlookedlikeahorse.

Outoftheroad!
Giveusashow!
Twomilesaminute,
Geehowwego!

THE COUNTRY IS SAFE

Some folks allus howlin',
Speechifyin' grand,
Say the politicians
Want to wreck the land.

That's an allegation
I deny right now.
Is the hungry sucklin' calf
Goin' to kill the cow?

THE CHRISTMAS BOX

It is such a little box we send,
We have not had a lucky year,
And soon the presents reach an end
When all of them are gathered here.
Far in the hills of Sussex-land
The home folks in their loneliness

Notellingnow,
Keep to the course.

Are waiting. They will understand;
They know we love them none the less.

This first, the mother's only gift,
A shawl to match her silvery hair;
In days of storm and heaping drift
'Twill warm her dear heart beating there.
We wish 'twere finer—ah, but why?
She knows our love; we need not add,
If love could buy as love would buy,
Like any queen should she be clad.

And these for father, bless his heart!
A pair of boots so warm and stout
The cold of Greenland they would thwart,
Or keep a mountain freshet out.
And when he tramps the muddy lane
And hears their clumping in the wet,
“With our best love,” they'll speak again,
And in his heart he'll not forget.

And here's the baby's picture last,
Poor, but they'll prize it, anyhow
(The little fellow grows so fast
His grandma'd hardly know him now);
Perhaps, when summer breezes blow
And skies once more are bright and blue,
We'll all go home, and they shall know
Their own wee grandchild loves them, too.

It's such a little box to send
 To those whose love we count so dear,
Yet, after all, it holds no end
 Of happiness and Christmas cheer;
And they, up there in Sussex-land,
 And we that dwell so far away
Shall seem together, hand in hand,
 In thought and love on Christmas Day.

SUMMER'S END

To A. E. B. M.

Hushed are the birds that lately thrilled
 The morning world with melody.
At eventide their songs are stilled—
 What can this woodland silence be?
High in a hammock, zephyr-swung,
 Low in a locust's thorny bough,
Deep in a dell, the reeds among,
 The birds have better business now.
Let summer end, and o'er the hill
 The sylvan chorus sounds again;
Robin and thrush and bluebird thrill
 This message to the hearts of men:
“ Though April hopes be memories,
 'Tis small content regret can give.
Put grieving by! Enough it is
 To live and love, to love and live.”

AROUND THE CIRCLE



Around the Circle

BULLETINS

Sun's a-shinin' overhead,
Sod an' stream unchainin'.
Spider spins a silky thread
Just to get in trainin'.

Maple tree is buddin' red,
Sap is fairly b'ilin'.
Vi'let's settin' up in bed,
Lookin' round an' smilin'.

APRIL

Winter clouds are long forgot,
Everywhere the green things climb;
Seems as if the year has been
Summer all the time.

SPRING MUSIC

I hear the robin piping in the barnyard maple tree,
The bluebird from the meadow sends a gentle melody;
Across the vale the rumble sounds of new electric ploughs;
Anon there comes the lowing of the automatic cows,
And here and there on every hand the motor harrows ring
The dear and gladsome tidings of the coming of the Spring.

IN MAY

Hangin' 'round the window where they show the fishin'
tackle,
Bamboo rod an' shiny reel an trollin' spoon an' hackle,
Hangin' 'round an' gazin'—
Ain't it just amazin'
How a sight o' fishin' goods
Draws a feller toward the woods?

THE MORNING LIGHT

Cherry-tree, all white and showy,
Came in blossom in the night;
Bare at sunset, pure and snowy
In the morning light.

So do troubles, hard to carry
In the weary heart at night,
Bloom with hope, just like the cherry,
In the morning light.

SPRING FEVER

When I decide to work some
I sit a while and think some;
And oh, my task is irksome,
And oh, my thumbs are inksome!

JUNE ROSES

Where is loss in lowly birth?
Where the woe that riches cure?
Fairest roses known to earth
Grow in gardens of the poor.

SUMMER STARLIGHT

The worlds, the suns, the myriad orbs
That sparkle thro' the midnight pall,
Are but the microcosmic dust
Of one great Sun, transcending all.

The friendships and the loves of earth,
Best jewels in our treasure-trove,
Are but the glinting diamond dust
Of that surpassing gem, God's love.

INDIAN SUMMER

Sumach blushin' rosy red,
Far-off mountains faint—
Summer's gettin' old and worn
And usin' veils and paint.

OCTOBER

Hush! Summer's dead. The trees send down
Their wealth of leaves upon the pave,
Spreading a carpet through the town
To dull our tread to summer's grave.

BONFIRE TIME

Spendthrifts are we, whose heedless hold
Spills Fortune's cup.
When Autumn sends us down her gold
We burn it up.

TWILIGHT

Twilight in the trees
On a still November day,
Twilight in the trees,
And the world all gray.

Twilight in a life,
The colors faded and gone,
Twilight in a life,
And the night comes on.



DAWN IN NOVEMBER

The fence is white and ghostly in the light of early dawn,
The silent frost has spread a quilt of silver on the lawn,
A thousand clacking blackbirds are waking in the wood,
And a rabbit roves the garden patch, gleaning his breakfast
food.

AFFINITY

Apart we walk; our eyes have never met,
Our wandering ways have never crossed—and yet,
Some day, some thankful day, our lives shall be
United fast, my own affinity!

Yes, in my soul I know, and ask not why,
That we shall get together, you and I,
And I shall eat you, drumsticks, wings and all,
And hang your fair white wishbone on the wall.

MISERY IN COMPANY

The cornstalks, shocked, to one another cling,
Their leafy withered arms embracing swing
In the cold blast. Thus shall December weather
Find them defenseless, perishing together.

ALWAYS

Always new life
In the cold, drifted lawn;
Always new flowers
When winter is gone.

Always a smile
For the tear you have shed;
Always a hope
For the hope that is dead.

Always an end
To the weariest lane;
Always a blessing,
Whatever the pain.

